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Frances L. Carpenter
with regards of
E. H.

1893

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.



ELIZA HEATON.

POUGHKEEPSIE.
A. V. HAIGHT, PRINTER.
1891.

TO MY BELOVED FAMILY

I DEDICATE

THESE SIMPLE VERSES OF A LIFETIME.

THEY HAVE BEEN COMPOSED UNDER VARIED CIRCUMSTANCES,

MANY AMID THE CARES AND DUTIES OF A FAMILY, AND

SOME IN THE WAKING HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

THEY CANNOT CLAIM MUCH MERIT EXCEPT FOR TRUTHFULNESS

AND SIMPLICITY.

IF THEY SERVE AS MEMORIALS OF THE LOVE OF HIM WHO HAS

ENABLED ME TO WRITE THEM, OR AFFORD A RAY OF

PLEASURE, COMFORT OR ENCOURAGEMENT TO

ANY OF THE READERS, IT IS ENOUGH.

E. H.

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EARLIEST POEMS.

THE RAINBOW.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.)

The sun shone clear ;
The eve drew near,
As he approached the west,
Yet ere he took
His farewell look,
And sunk him to his rest,

A silent shower
Adown did pour
Amid the sun's bright beams,
When lo, behold !
In green and gold,
A beauteous rainbow streams !

What colors bright
Then met the sight !
Green, orange, yellow, blue,

And fainter yet,
The violet,
And red of brightest hue.

Long did I gaze,
As on a face
Whose beauty strikes the sight
Nor yet withdrew
My steady view,
Till it had taken flight.

1829.

THE BLIND BOY.

Alas, poor boy, thou seest no light,
But darkness is thy lot,
Thou liv'st in one long dreary night,
For day to thee is not.

Yet though the world to thee is night,
And nought but dark thou seest,
Thy mind may be illumed with light,
Thy heart, with love and peace.

1830.

NANTUCKET.

Far on the eastern bounds
Of this our western world,
Where freedom's praise full oft resounds,
And her banner is unfurled,

Near where the Atlantic's waves
Wash Massachusetts's shore,
An isle the ocean also laves,
Where the Indian dwelt of yore.

But many a year has passed
Since the pale-faced stranger came,
And the Indian, dispossessed at last,
With death resigned his claim.

Soon on the northern shore,
A town appeared in view,
Nantucket is the name it bears.
County and island, too.

And now this town increased
To quite a goodly size,
Ranks not among her neighbors least,
Though many her despise.

True, much they may not boast
Of this, their sea-girt land,
For nature though so lavish oft,
Used here a frugal hand.

Yet, though such beauties here
Be sparingly made known,
More precious gifts her children find
In kindred hearts are shown.

* * * * *

1833.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

(Written after reading a poem which seemed to imply that in the future life all would be happy without distinction).

Truly another world there is
Beyond the boundaries of time,
Partakers of immortal bliss,
Are the blest dwellers in that clime.

But is there nought whereby to gain
Admittance to that glad abode?
No price by which we may attain
This lasting and substantial good?

Yes, to the meek and pure in heart
Who strive His great commands to obey,
To those alone will God impart
The joys of an eternal day.

But woe to such as evil do,
And follow not his holy light,
For though eternity they know
'Twill be a never ending night.

Then let us in the Saviour trust,
That we may know redeeming grace,
And with the spirits of the just
In heaven behold our Maker's face.

A BROTHER'S FAREWELL TO
HIS SISTER.

Though far from home and thee I go,
Long time on foreign seas to toil,
Yet shall my heart in memory know
The endearments of my native soil.

Each friend that now my heart doth love,
And every spot that's dear to me,
Distance shall not from mind remove,
But there they all shall hallowed be.

And, treasured as the richest gem
That recollection e'er can bring,
My sister there shall live till when
Death takes me from each earthly thing.

And if kind heaven my life should spare
Till I return to home and thee,
Oh, may our souls unite in prayer
To Him who stills the raging sea.

But if I ne'er my sister see,
And we on earth no more do meet,
May then our souls united be,
Where joys surround the Eternal's seat.

HOME.

Though many a land we wander o'er,
And stand on many a foreign shore,
And brighter skies behold,

Yet home has still a secret charm
Of which stranger lands may not disarm,
 This paradise of old.

'Twas here in childhood's happy hour
That pleasure by her magic power
 Hath filled our hearts with joy,
When life was as an untried sea,
And our young minds thought but of glee,
 Nor dreamed of care's alloy.

'Twas here that youth's first thoughts were
 formed,
And that our ears first heard the sound
 Of fond affection's voice,
Here we first knew a parent's love,
And our hearts with a sister's wove,
 Or felt a brother's joys.

And if in after years we share
Full many an hour of grief and care,
 Even then 'tis sweet to know
There is a home more glorious far
Than our first home so free from care,
 Where blessings ever flow.

And if the "better part" we choose,
Unnumbered joys will still be ours
 In that eternal home,
Whence sighs and sorrows flee away,
Where grief is never known to stay,
 Nor death or darkness come.

1834.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis twilight hour, how calm the scene!
All nature seems to take repose
The sun has shed his farewell beam,
And soon another day will close.

An hour like this is truly meet
For calm reflection and pure thought,
And he who renders sorrow sweet
Should now by every mind be sought.

And when the day of life shall close,
And our last twilight hour be gone,
May we as calmly meet repose,
And wake to find eternal morn.

THE LAMENT.

On yonder island in the sea
Where wave the willow and the pine,
There is a tomb most dear to me,
For there lies buried all that once was mine.

I see the willow drooping, wave
O'er the white stone that lifts its head
To tell that in that lonely grave
Lies one for whom the silent tear is shed.

SLAVERY.

Should man e'er own his brother,
And purchase him for gold?
And with dominion absolute,
His fellow creature hold?
What though his outward color
Be darker than his own?
Hath he no soul within him,
Is his a heart of stone?

Is not our great Creator
 Father and Lord of all ?
He without whose permission
 A sparrow may not fall !
He sees us all, his children,
 From his abode on high,
And over all our actions
 Watches with jealous eye.

And hath He not declared it,
 That whatsoe'er be done
To the least of these, his children,
 That unto him 'tis done ?
Alas, then, for the white man,
 Who robs his fellow man
Of earth's most precious treasures,
 His freedom and his home !

Alas, too, for the country
 Wherein this sin is found,
For God, though rich in mercy,
 In justice doth abound.

And is it not our country
Where rests so foul a stain?
And are they not our brethren
Who traffic souls for gain?

Then let us join our prayers
To the Gracious God on high,
That he unto his people
Will so in love draw nigh,
That they loose the captive's chains,
And let the oppressed go free,
That all may hail the dawning
Of the day of Liberty!

1835.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world beyond the grave
Where sin or sorrow cannot dwell,
But where all those whom Christ doth save
Forever live his praise to tell.

It needeth not the sun's bright ray,
Nor yet the moonbeam's paler light,

'Tis ever there unclouded day
Excluding every shade of night.

For God the Father, and the Son
Diffuse o'er all that fairer land
Eternal light,—and pleasures are
Forevermore at his right hand.

No mortal eye hath ever seen,
Or mortal ear hath ever heard,
Or yet the heart of man conceived
The joys there for the just reserved.

But when this life hath passed away
With all its transient griefs and cares,
Redeemèd souls shall speed their way
To join in hymning endless praise.

ENIGMA NO. I.

A season that happens as often as day,
A fruit that is sweet to the taste,

What remains if from twenty we take eleven
away,

And what we ought never to waste ;
Something that's used both in sunshine and
rain,

An animal useful to man,
That which all should be anxious to gain,
A measure that doth five quarters contain,
And what all people practice that can.

The initials of these in order will show
The name of an island that many do know.

ENIGMA No. 2.

That which we should practice instruction
to gain,

The season of life free from care,
That spot which the wanderer sighs to regain
A space that is trackless as air ;
A fruit that in tropical climates is found,
And a grace that in Christians should ever
abound.

The initials of these in order will spell
A name which all scholars remember full well.

ENIGMA No. 3.

The point from which the wind doth softly
 blow,
 An article much used on rainy days,
A word that many a child first learns to
 know,
 That orb which lights our path with mild-
 est rays,
The time when living things all seek repose,
 The queen of all the flowers that summer
 knows.
By the initials of these words a season's
 shown,
Beyond the arctic circle little known.

PSALMS.

“The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting.”—Psalm CXIX : 114.

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise ye the Lord for it is good ;
Sing praises to his name,
For love and mercy infinite,
His wondrous works proclaim.

He buildeth up Jerusalem,
Repairs her broken wall,
And Israel's wandering outcast ones
Are gathered at his call.

He healeth every broken heart,
And all their wounds will bind ;
Who trust him in sincerity,
A friend in need will find.

He numbereth all the stars of heaven,
And each by name doth call ;
His eye beholdeth all his works,
His care presides o'er all.

Great is our Lord, of mighty power,
His wisdom hath no bound,
The meek he lifteth up on high,
The wicked casteth down.

Sing with thanksgiving to our God,
Sing praises to his name ;
He covereth the heaven with clouds,
And on the earth sends rain.

He makes each blade of grass to grow
Upon the mountains high,
He giveth to the beast his food,
And hears the raven's cry.

Not in the mighty or the strong,
He taketh most delight ;
Who fear him and for mercy hope,
Are pleasant in his sight.

Oh, praise the Lord, Jerusalem,
Let Zion sound his praise,
For he hath strengthened thy gates,
And blessed thy children's ways.

Within thy borders maketh peace,
And filleth thee with good,
That all within thy walls receive
From him substantial food.

His high command he sendeth forth,
His word is swift and bold,
His frost and ice he scattereth ;
And who can stand his cold ?

Behold his word he sendeth out,
And melteth them as snow,
He causeth, too, a mighty wind,
That makes the waters flow.

His statutes are to Israel shown,
And to Jacob his word ;
No nation hath his judgments known
Save this—Praise ye the Lord.

1844.

PSALM XC.

O Lord, our refuge thou hast been,
And our safe dwelling place ;

Through ages past how oft were seen
Thy providence and grace !

Before the mountains were brought forth
Or earth in form had stood,
From everlasting, still the same,
Forever, thou art, God.

A thousand years are in thy sight
But as a day that's past ;
Or even as a watch of night,
That vanishes so fast.

And man is like the tender grass
That springeth up at morn,
It flourisheth a little time,
At evening it is gone.

For by thine anger we're consumed,
Thy wrath doth trouble us,
Our secret sins thou all hast seen
In thy light countenance.

We spend our years as tale that's told,
Our years three score and ten,
And if, by strength they are four-score,
Their strength is sorrow then.

For soon the thread of life is cut
And our brief race is run ;
Though quickly passed each fleeting day
Thou numberest every one.

So by thy grace thy servants teach
To number all our days,
That we apply our hearts to know
And walk in, wisdom's ways.

Early with mercy satisfy
That we may yet rejoice,
And all our days we may be glad
If we but hear thy voice.

And as afflictive days abound
And evil years arise,
O make us glad accordingly ;
Thy grace shall still suffice.

O let thy work appear to us,
Thy glory unto thine ;
And with thy beauty shed on us,
O cause us yet to shine.

PSALM LXV.

For thee, O God, doth praise await,
From Zion's sons it will ascend,
And unto thee all flesh shall come,
O thou, who dost our prayers attend.

Iniquities with us are found,
And o'er our sinful hearts have sway ;
As for transgressions, they abound ;
Yet thou shalt purge them all away.

Blest is the man who is thy choice,
Who knoweth to approach thee well,
Filled with the goodness of thy house,
Forever in thy courts he'll dwell.

In righteousness thou answereth us,
When we have aught to ask of thee,
Who art the trust of all the earth
And those afar off on the sea.

Who by his strength the mountains placed,
Being girded round about with power,
Who stills the raging of the waves,
Brings peace where tumult was before.

They in remotest parts that dwell
Do fear thy tokens and thy voice ;
Morning doth of thy glories tell,
Thou callest evening to rejoice.

With water thou enrich'st the earth,
Which from thy river plenteous flows,
And for us thou preparest corn ;
For all our wants thou only knows.

The year is with thy goodness crowned
As changing seasons onward roll,
Thy paths drop fatness all around,
Thy gracious care sustains the whole.

They drop upon the pastures wild,
And all the little hills rejoice,
Thy praise resounds on every side,
As echoed forth in nature's voice.

And surely we should join the song,
With heartfelt praise and gratitude,
To thee to whom it doth belong,
Who art the source of every good.

FROM PSALMS XLII AND XLIII.

As the hart panteth to gain
Water from the streamlet's brink,
My soul doth thirst for thee, O God,
From thy living fount to drink.

Though thy waves o'er me have passed,
Yet thou wilt loving kindness show,
For I yet shall sing thy praise,
And to thee my prayers shall flow.

Why, my soul, art thou cast down,
And disquieted within?
Let thy hope be in thy God,
For his help I'll yet praise him.

* . * * * * *

Judge me, O thou righteous God,
With the ungodly plead my cause,
Save me from the unjust one,
He who slights thy holy laws.

O send out thy light and truth,
Lead me to thy holy hill,
To thy altar I will go,
Joyfully I'll praise thee still.

Why, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why disquieted within?
Let thy hope be in thy God,
He's my health, I'll yet praise him.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, O Lord of hosts,
Thy tabernacles are !
How lovely to the faithful ones
The place of praise and prayer !

My soul doth long, yea, even faint
To dwell thy courts within,
My heart and flesh are crying out
To be redeemed from sin.

Blessed are they within thy house,
They still are praising thee ;
Blessed is the man who keeps thy ways,
Whose strength is found in thee.

O Lord of hosts, O hear my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear,
One day with thee is better far
Than thousand days elsewhere.

I'd rather a door-keeper be
Within the house of God,

Than all the pleasures to enjoy
That earth and sin afford.

The Lord God is a sun and shield
To those who trust his word,
And grace and glory he will give
And no good thing withhold.

PSALM LI.

Have mercy on me, O my God,
As thou dost loving kindness show,
My many sins wilt thou blot out,
As all thy tender mercies flow.

Wash me from mine iniquity,
For my transgression I will own,
Which thou hast plainly shown to be
Sin against thee, and thee alone.

For thou desirest truth within ;
Thou'lt teach me there wisdom to know,
Purge me and I shall yet be clean,
Wash me and make me white as snow.

O let me joy and gladness know,
That all within me may rejoice ;
Thus living in thy holy fear,
I still can hear thy gracious voice.

O cast me not from thee away,
Or take thy spirit quite from me ;
But O, salvation's joys restore,
Uphold me with thy spirit free.

Burnt offerings thou dost not expect,
Nor dost thou ask for sacrifice ;
The broken spirit thou'lt accept,
The contrite heart will not despise.

In thine own time Zion revive,
Jerusalem yet build again ;
Then wilt thou sacrifice receive
Of righteousness which shall remain.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and our strength,
A present helper, even here ;

Then, though the earth and mountains shake,
The faithful have no cause for fear.

There is a river whose pure streams
Make glad the holy place above ;
And where his tabernacles are,
Those streams send peace and joy and love.

For God is ever with his church,
The song of her rejoicing, this—
The Lord of Hosts is still with us,
And Jacob's God our refuge is.

Come and behold his mighty works,
On earth he maketh wars to cease :
And, every evil thought subdued,
Brings in an everlasting peace.

“ Be still, and know that I am God ; ”
Where this command's obeyed, as his,
The Lord of Hosts is still with us,
And Jacob's God our refuge is.

PSALM CIII.

My soul and all within me, bless the Lord !

O bless his holy, ever worthy name,
And for his numerous benefits received,
O bless the Lord, my soul, forget not
whence they came.

Who thine iniquities doth all forgive,
And thy diseases by his power doth heal,
Who, when destruction threatens, bids thee
live,
If for his saving help in faith thou dost
appeal.

Who crowns thy life with loving kindness
here,
And satisfies thy mouth with every good ;
Whose tender mercies every day appear,
And often like the eagle's is thy youth re-
newed.

The Lord will judge for all that are oppressed;
Plenteous in mercy and to anger slow—

His erring ones he will not always chide,
Nor yet to these forever his displeasure
show.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor for iniquities doth he reward,
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great his mercy is to those who fear
his word.

As far as east is distant from the west,
So far from us our sins he doth remove,
As father pitieth children loved the best,
So doth he show for us his ever-pitying
love.

He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
Our need of all his tender love and care,
And if upon his arm we place our trust
He's promised we shall find a place of
safety there.

The days of men are even as the grass ;
He flourisheth as doth the tender flower ;

'Tis gone if but the wind doth o'er it pass ;
The place whereon it was shall know it
now no more.

The mercy of the Lord will still endure,
From everlasting, 'tis for aye the same,
And children's children righteousness secure
Of such as keep his word, and those who
fear his name.

The Lord hath in the heavens his throne
prepared ;
His glorious kingdom ruleth o'er the
whole—
Ye angels bless the Lord, hearing his word ;
Ye hosts ; and all his works ; O bless the
Lord, my soul.

1859.

PSALM XXXII.

Blessed is he whose sins are all forgiven,
Within whose spirit nought of guile is
found,

His highest hopes will now be fixed on heaven,

There at the last with glory to be crowned.

No more doth God iniquity impute

Where true repentance hath been known
within ;

The soul is washed in Christ's atoning blood,
And by his spirit kept from every sin.

For this unto thee shall the godly pray,

In thine own time thou wilt of them be
found ;

Surely thou wilt the floods of waters stay,

Thy mighty arm encircles these around.

Thou art my hiding place in every storm,

In trouble thou wilt my preserver be,

Thou'lt compass me with praise and holy song

When thou has wrought deliverance for me.

I will instruct thee, saith the Lord most high,

And teach thee in the way which thou
shalt go ;

And ever I will guide thee with mine eye,
If meekness and obedience thou wilt show.

The wicked sorrows know;—but he who
trusts,
Mercy shall ever compass him about ;
Be glad, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
All ye upright in heart, for joy shall shout.
1863.

PSALM XXXIII.

Ye righteous in the Lord rejoice,
For praises unto him belong,
O, praise the Lord with harp and voice,
Sing unto him with a new song.

For every word of God is right,
“And all his works are done in truth,”
He righteousness and judgment loves,
His goodness filleth all the earth.

For by his word the heavens were made,
He holds the waters in his hand ;
Let all the earth dwell in his fear,
And in his awe the world shall stand.

He spake the word, and it was done,
He gave command and all stood fast ;
The people may devise in vain,
His counsel evermore wilt last.

Blest is the people of his choice,
To whom the Lord alone is God ;
From heaven above he looketh down,
Beholding all from his abode.

He fashioneth their hearts alike,
All are the objects of his care ;
He knoweth all their works and ways,
He sees his people everywhere.

Kings are not saved but by an host,
Or man delivered by his might ;
Who fear him and for mercy hope,
The Lord beholdeth with delight.

He will deliver those from death,
Their soul forevermore shall live ;
In want and famine they are kept
By strength that he alone can give.

Our soul now waiteth for the Lord,
He is indeed our help and shield,
For in him shall our hearts rejoice,
Because unto his power we yield.

“According as we hope in thee,”
And on thy word for grace depend,
On us, O Lord, thy mercy be,
Be thou our strength unto the end.

1864.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great and excellent thy name !
Above the heavens, where is thy throne,
Angels thy glory do proclaim.

Out of the mouth of babes, O Lord,
And sucklings, (such thy wondrous ways,)
Because of all thine enemies,
Thou hast ordained strength and praise.

When I thy heavens contemplate,
The work of thine Almighty hands ;
The moon and stars thou hast ordained,
And all their host which thou hast planned.

What then is man among thy works,
That thou art mindful of his ways?
The son of man, that thou regards,
And visits him with thy free grace?

For little lower he is made,
Than angels who thy throne surround,
And by thine own eternal power
With glory and with honor crowned.

O'er all the works thy hand hath made,
To him dominion thou hast given,
On earth, in air, and in the sea,
O'er every creature under heaven.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
How great and excellent thy name !
Above the heavens, where is thy throne,
Angels thy glory do proclaim.

1864.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Lord, thou has searched and known my
ways,
Each action in thy light is shown ;
Thine eye beholds in every place,
And all my thoughts to thee are known.

There's not a word upon my tongue,
But, lo, 'tis all made plain to thee ;
Such knowledge I cannot attain,
It is too wonderful for me.

Whither from thy Spirit shall I go ?
Or from thy presence shall I flee ?
In heaven above or hell below—
Each place alike is known to thee.

If I the wings of morning take,
And pass to the remotest sea,
Thou even there my path shall make,
And thy right hand shall still hold me.

If I in darkness fain would stay,
Thinking to hide me from thy sight,
The night then shineth as the day,
For darkness is to thee as light.

I offer praise, which is thy due,
For in thy wisdom I am made
Fearfully, wonderfully, too ;
Thy love and power the plan have laid.

How precious are thy thoughts to me !
They're more in number than the sand ;
When I awake I'm still with thee ;
Thy presence saves on every hand.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my every thought to know ;
See if from thee I e'er depart,
Lead me, the perfect way to go.

1864.

PSALM CXXVII.

Except the Lord doth build the house,
Our work will not be gain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
We watch and wait in vain.

Without the Lord we sorrowing rise,
And mournful vigils keep;
Safe folded in his arms we rest,
He gives his loved ones sleep.

Lo, children are the gift of God,
The heritage of love;
Happy the man that thus is filled
With blessings from above.

1877.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise ye the Lord, O praise the Lord, my
soul,
Long as I live my heart shall sing his
praise;

While life doth last shall thanks and praises
rise

To him whose love hath kept through all
my ways.

Trust not in man, nor yet in princes trust,
There is no help in those of fleeting breath ;
He of the earth doth but return to dust,
All earthly things are swallowed up in
death.

Happy is he who trusts in Jacob's God,
His help is sure and never more will fail ;
For he whose hope is in the Lord his God
Will by his strength o'er all his foes pre-
vail.

The Lord created heaven and earth and sea,
With all their wonders, and sustains the
whole ;
His truth and justice shall forever be ;
The oppressed he'll judge, and feed the
hungry soul.

The Lord our God doth set the prisoners free,
He raiseth those who oft are bowed down;
He by his power doth cause the blind to see,
The righteous soul he loveth for his own.

The Lord doth call the strangers and doth
save,
The fatherless and widows doth relieve ;
But wicked men with him no portion have,
Those who will not his gracious words be-
lieve.

The Lord our God forevermore shall reign,
Thy God, O Zion, faithful is his word ;
Unto all generations still the same
Shall be his wondrous power, Praise ye the
Lord !

1880.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord's my shepherd, I no want shall
know,
In pastures green he maketh me to rest ;

He leadeth me where the still waters flow,
Restores my wandering soul by sin oppressed.

In paths of righteousness he still doth lead,
All for the sake of his most precious name;
His tender love supplies my every need,
His power and mercy are for aye the same.

Though through the dark and shadowy vale
I stray,
Since thou art there, no evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff shall be my guide and stay,
And still afford me comfort even there.

E'en in the presence of my dreaded foes,
A bounteous table thou for me dost spread;
With richest blessings oft my cup o'erflows,
With fragrant oil thou dost annoint my head.

Goodness and mercy still shall follow me,
While trusting him who doeth all things well;

And when this life is o'er, my joy will be
Forever in the house of God to dwell.

1881.

PSALM LXVI.

Praise ye the Lord with joyful noise,
Sing forth the honor of his name,
Till every heart and every voice
With glory shall his name proclaim.

Come and behold the works of God,
How terrible his might and power,
Which can his enemies subdue !
All earth shall worship and adore.

He made the dry land of the sea,
His people safely passed the flood ;
Their great deliverer was he ;
They then rejoiced and praised their God.

He by his power doth ever rule,
His eyes the nations do behold ;
In vain doth sinful man arise,
The Lord prevaieth, as of old.

O bless our God with heart and voice,
Sound forth his praise ye people all ;
He doth our soul preserve in life,
And suffereth not our feet to fall.

For thou, O God, hast proved and tried,
We've known affliction, loss and pain;
As silver we've been purified ;
But thou hast brought us out with gain.

The best I have I'll offer thee,
And pay the vows my lips have said
When troubles were surrounding me,
For thou hast my deliverance made.

Come listen, ye that fear the Lord,
I will declare what he hath done ;
I cried to him, he healed my soul ;
He is the great and mighty one.

If I iniquity regard,
The Lord my cry then will not hear ;
But he indeed hath heard my voice,
He hath attended to my prayer.

Blessed forever be our God,
Who hath not turned away my prayer ;
His mercy he hath shown to me,
And keeps me with his love and care.

PSALM I.

Blessed is he who doth not walk
In man's ungodly ways ;
Who will not go where sinners stand,
Or with the ungodly stay.

But his delight is in the Lord,
His meditation sweet,
Upon his law by day and night ;—
He sitteth at his feet.

He's like a tree by river side,
Whose fruits in season grow ;
His leaf in greenness doth abide ;
His work shall prosper, too.

But the ungodly are not so ;
They, like the chaff are blown ;

They cannot in the judgment stand,
Their works will then be shown.

When righteous souls are gathered there,
The throne of God around,
When he their ways doth know and crown,
The ungodly are not found.

1888.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, thou only art my God,
Early will I seek thy face,
For my soul doth long for thee,
In a dry and thirsty place.

Thy power and glory may I see,
As I oft before have seen ;
Better far than life to me
Hath thy loving kindness been.

Thus I'll bless thee while I live,
In thy name my hands will raise ;

Thou wilt satisfy my soul,
And my lips shall sing thy praise.

When on my bed I think of thee,
And in night watches meditate ;
Then thy love doth comfort me,
As my soul on thee doth wait.

Thou hast given me saving help,
When I listened to thy voice ;
In the shadow of thy wings
Therefore will I yet rejoice.

I am following after thee,—
If I keep this perfect way ;
Thy right hand upholding me,
I shall never go astray.

1889.

PSALM CXXI.

Unto the holy hills of heaven
I will lift up my weary eyes,
From whence will saving help be given,
In ever flowing, fresh supplies.

The Lord, who heaven and earth hath made,
Will never suffer me to fall,
If all my trust on him is staid,
And for his aid I humbly call.

He is the keeper of thy soul,
He who doth slumber not, or sleep ;
He ever careth for his own ;
All Israel doth in safety keep.

He is thy shade on thy right hand,
Protecting thee by day and night ;
From every evil will preserve,
For thou art ever in his sight.

Thy going out and coming in,
And all thy ways he watches o'er ;
He'll keep thy soul from every sin
From this time, and forevermore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CAPTIVE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

One always in this life will find
Some trouble whereso'er he roam;
But only feels true grief of mind
When suffering far from home.

If to his mind the much loved scene
In a sweet slumber sometimes come,
His soul is sad when he awakes,
To find no more his home.

If when the future he invokes,
A moment he forget his doom,
His chain a sad remembrance wakes,
The remembrance of his home.

If when some generous beings with,
A softening of his sadness come,
His heart an instant happy is ;
But, he is far from home !

THE LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC.

The night was dark and dreadful,
The winds were raging high,
And e'en stout hearts grew fearful
Nor would its dangers try.

Yet on Long Island's waters
One steamer ventured forth,
Regardless of the tempest,
They hoped to reach the port.

They had a skillful captain,
And boat by none surpassed,
And with these, many trusted
To withstand the raging blast.

But soon the steam pipe bursted ;
Could earthly power now save ?
They cast out all their anchors,
Yet drift before the wave.

The morning dawn beheld them
Close to a rock-bound shore ;
But now their anchors held them,
As at destruction's door.

A faint hope still was cherished
That some relief might come ;
They raise the half-mast signal,
And silent, wait their doom.

Assistance none could give them,
Though many sought to save ;
And soon, all hope abandoned,
They await a watery grave.

There were no cries for succor,
No sound of weeping there,
Amid that roar of waters ;
Naught save the voice of prayer.

At length the cables parted,
The death blow now is given ;
The noble boat lies stranded
And soon to pieces driven.

But, Oh ! where are the victims
Of that ill-fated bark ?
Amid the general ruin
No eye their fate to mark,

Save his to whom the darkness
Is as the noon-day sun ;
For night again closed o'er them,
E'er this work of death was done.

How many hearts were sorrowful,
How many tears were shed,
For these poor hapless sufferers
Thus numbered with the dead !

And while the tear of pity
Is shed for those bereft,
Doth it not deep instruction
Afford to all who're left ?

For surely it reminds us
How frail our mortal breath ;
That even in the midst of life,
We soon may be in death !

1847.

ON THE FIRST OF SUMMER.

Sweet Summer approaches and fast is array-
ing
The earth in a mantle of green ;

On hill and in valley, in forest and meadow
The print of her footstep is seen.

She breathes on the air, and a softness pervades it,
Unknown during Winter's cold reign ;
The invalid now ventures forth to inhale it,
Inspired with fresh vigor again.

With pencil in hand, dipped in Nature's own colors,
She paints every flowerlet that blows,
And whatever is touched by her delicate brushes
Will soon some new beauties disclose.

The birds greet her coming with music enlivening,
Taught by instinct, that unerring guide ;
When the first balmy breath of the Spring
was approaching,
From their winter abode they have hied.

Thy bright sunny days and thy calm evening hours,

The music of bird and of bee,

Thy beautiful verdure thy fruits and thy flowers

Sweet Summer, are lovely to me !

But like all earth's pleasures, thy beauties are transient,

And soon we must see them decay;

The leaves will be falling, and Autumn winds blowing,

And Nature no longer be gay.

But not like the birds, may we then be departing

In search of a sunnier clime,

Leaving all that is cold, dark and dreary behind us

Perpetual Summer to find.

For 'tis said, that we still shall have Winter and Summer,

Seed-time, harvest, the night and the day;

So adversity's clouds will sometimes hover
 round us,
And chase the bright sunshine away.
Yet sweet are its uses, and oft prove a blessing,
 ing,
Though sometimes disguised from our
 sight ;
And the mind that improves them may still
 be possessing .
A peace that no changes can blight.
Then if Summer in nature be short-lived and
 fleeting
And destined so soon to depart,
We may each one endeavor within to be
 keeping
Perpetual sunshine of heart.

1847.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

I love to gaze at sunset hour
As a bright day draws to a close,
When every bird, insect and flower
Seem with all nature to repose.

When hushed is every gentle breeze,
And the thick foliage quiet stands,
In beauteous stillness earth appears
Lovely as from her Maker's hand

The sun now sends his parting ray,
Gilding the mountain tops alone,
And as it slowly fades away
The shades of twilight softly come.

It is an hour for holy thought ;
Then hushed be every jarring voice ;
Let every soul with feeling fraught
In Nature's bounteous gifts rejoice.

For how could we in heart rebel,
To mar the beauty of this scene ?
Rather let praise the bosom swell,
And prayer ascend from hearts serene,

To him from whom all blessings flow,
Who grants to us this quiet hour ;
Before whom every knee must bow,
And all confess his sovereign power.

Yet though this hour be consecrate
To prayer and praise, not this alone,
For every hour alike is his,
And every heart should be his own.

“AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY
STRENGTH BE.”

How oft amid the care and strife,
And trials that attend this life,
When we no brighter spot can see,
This precious promise doth revive,
And strength to drooping spirits give,
Even as thy days, thy strength shall be.

And if with child-like confidence
We look to him for our defence,
Who doth o'er all our fate preside,
Then whether good or ill befall,
We may experience through all,
This promise to be verified.

For if our day be bland and clear,
And breezes prosperous and fair
 Waft us as o'er life's changeful sea,
How oft we watch with anxious eye,
Each lowering cloud upon the sky,
 Nor dare to meet adversity.

Yet should the storm at length appear,
And sorrow's darkest hour draw near,
 We then, with thankful heart may see
That if in him we place our trust,
Who knows our frame, that we are dust,
 Even as our days, our strength shall be.

And when discouragements abound,
And withered hopes lie scattered round,
 And the tired soul longs to be free,
Then will arise for our relief,
This soothing, comforting belief
 That, as our days, our strength shall be.

And when the closing scene draws near,
That we must leave out loved ones here,
 May then our sweet experience be,

That God in mercy condescend
To be our strength e'en in the end,
And grant us life eternally.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Be thankful for favors received,
For blessings by day and by night,
Unto God who grants all that we need,
And will lead us in paths that are right,

If we but in simplicity trust
Unto Him for direction and aid,
Remembering, though we are but dust,
He is mighty on whom help is laid.

He sees us by day and by night,
His eye knows no slumber or sleep ;
We ne'er can be hid from his sight,
For he ever doth watch o'er us keep.

He knows every thought of the heart,
For all is made plain to his view ;
And cannot with pleasure behold
Aught in us, impure or untrue.

He who for the sparrows doth care,
Without whom not one e'er can fall,
O will he not list to our prayer?
For he values us more than them all.

Then let us entreat from the heart,
This being of infinite love ;
That he will such assistance impart,
As will fit us to meet him above.

1851.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORKS.

How wonderful the works of God appear,
As every changing season circles round !
What perfect order reigns throughout the
year,
Though still with ever varying beauty
crowned.

And if the heart of man but harmonize
With these his glorious works, how sweet
the scene !

This earth will then seem almost Paradise,
While glimpses of that future world are
seen,
Where perfect bliss awaits each faithful one,
Amid the ransomed hosts of God above,
Who will forever sing before his throne
The greater wonders of redeeming love !

SLAVERY.

There is a voice of lamentation heard,—
A voice of wailing o'er the wide-spread
land ;
Oppression still doth wield her cruel sword,
Our brethren still are crushed beneath her
iron hand.
And on our history's page this is a stain,
And deeper now than e'er was known
before ;*
Oh ! will it e'er be written clear and plain ?
Will justice ever wake, and slavery be no
more ?

* Fugitive Slave Law.

But ah ! the theme's full of thy poets sung,
And noble powers are called the cause
to aid ;

Oft listening crowds on eloquence have hung,
And life-like scenes have been by able
pens portrayed.

But man alone cannot this work achieve,
His strength and power will insufficient
prove ;

Unless a Holy Hand doth him relieve,—
Unless assisted by that Higher Power
above.

And if man's heart in mercy will not bow,
God's judgments then will surely be displayed ;

And when " it is enough," he's pleased to
show,

Then will oppression cease, and all her
waves be stayed.

But with us is no other slavery found
Than that which binds the sons of Afric's
land ?

Oh, yes ! a poisoned cup is flowing 'round,
Whose victims, captive bound, are seen on
every hand.

Yes, they are bound, as by a three-fold cord;
For that which crushes body, soul and
mind.

Is slavery vastly more to be deplored
Than that which can with chains alone
the body bind ?

Here, too, a mighty effort has been made,
Already doth the tide of suffering stay ;
These labors will, if Heaven but bless and aid,
Hasten the coming of a brighter, better day.

And there is yet the common bond of sin,
By whose strong fetters every soul is bound,
Until repentance we have known within,
And through a Saviour's blood we have
redemption found.

Thrice happy he by sin no more enslaved !
He may be called a son of liberty ;

His soul hath been from earth's worst thrall-
dom saved.

For he is free indeed, who's by the truth
made free.

His heartfelt prayers will rise for all man-
kind,

His love will then extend from sea to sea ;
He then will strive all fetters to unbind
From earth's sad, suffering ones, where'er
their lot may be.

1853.

WINTER SCENES.

Now the Autumn days are ended
With their labors and their pleasures,
And the fruit and golden harvest
By the hand of man are gathered
And laid up for Winter treasures.
E'en the lovely Indian Summer,
Faint resemblance of its name-sake,
With its glories has departed.
Now no more is heard the music

Of the merry Summer warblers ;
They, by instinct, right directed,
Spread the wing and wander southward,
To a land of milder breezes
Where no winter frost is dreaded.—
Now the cold and dreary Winter
With his crown of snow and ices
With quick footstep hastens on us ;
And the earth which late was changing
Her gay robe of Summer greenness
For the sombre hue of Autumn,
Soon by Winter will be shrouded
In a robe of purest whiteness.—
Now all green and living verdure
Which so late the earth was decking,
In death's cold embrace seems sleeping ;
But the germ nature is keeping,
Safe from blight and desolation
Through the long and dreary Winter,
To revive at Spring's returning—
Yet e'en Winter hath its pleasures ;
Though it seemeth long and dreary,—
Hear the music of the sleigh bells

Keeping time with trotting horses,
As the traveler's hurried onward
Heedless of the wind and snow storm —
Frequent now the social greetings ;
Friendly ones each other joining ;
There are many in-doors pleasures,
Books and pens, and friendly converse ;
Then the children's sports and pastimes,
(Shared oft-times by age maturer,)
Sliding, skating, making snow balls,
Winter only can afford them.
But the scene of greatest pleasure,
Which should yield enjoyment truest,
Is the social fireside gathering
Where true love and peace are reigning ;
Children, youth and loving parents,
All assembled round one hearth stone.
When in future years they're scattered,
And by death sometimes are sundered,
Some in foreign lands are roaming,
Oft is memory then reverting
To these peaceful social meetings,

Where they first have known love's teachings,
And first breathed this aspiration,
"When I've done with time and trouble,
Let me through a Saviour's mercy
Find a happier home in heaven."

1855.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Here upon the Album's pages
Thou dost ask thy friends to trace
Thoughts, in words that flow from feeling ;
Such alone should here have place.

May this be a little storehouse,
Treasuring gems from mind and heart,
Not the breath of praise or flattery,—
Words that truth and love impart.

We've enough that's earthly round us
Tempting us to rest below ;
Let these pages point us upwards,
Whence alone true pleasures flow.

May they be a feeble symbol
Of the grace-renewed heart,
Which, the evil all refusing,
Still retains the better part.

When the heart, touched by the Spirit
Yields unto his teachings there,
Till from earthly dross redeemed,
Truth's impress alone 'twill bear.

1856.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING THE JOURNAL OF STEPHEN GRIL-
LETT.

We read of faithful servants of the Lord,
Whom he ofttimes on gospel missions
sends,
To tell to others of his saving word,
Even far away from home and dearest
friends.

Pondering o'er such accounts from page to
page,

My heart has sometimes bowed in grateful
prayer

That these, his faithful ones in every age,
Are safely kept by his preserving care.

Their spirits often are oppressed and low,
In view of many wandering from the fold ;
Then oft again doth consolation flow

When tender spirits sweet communion
hold.

What deep baptisms they must all endure !

In perils oft by sea and on the land ;
Yet do they always find his promise sure,
He still upholds them by his holy hand.

When self is laid aside, and they can say,
In singleness of heart, as in his sight :
“ Thy word is good and that shall be my stay,
Do with me as to thee it seemeth right.”

And yet these earnest laborers can but own,
When time and strength are in his service
spent,

They have no merit of themselves alone,
They use the talents for this purpose lent,

By him who of his spirit poureth out,
On sons and daughters that they prophesy;
Yet these must follow him, nor fear, nor
doubt,

Though they are weak, on him for strength
rely.

'Tis not with us as those of ancient days,
When they, through prophets, sought the
will of God ;

To such alone were fully known his ways,
Through them the people were to hear
his word.

But now a covenant that's new is made ;
His law is written on each heart and mind :
For " all shall know me," our Redeemer said,
Who ask receive, and they who seek shall
find.

Then though the gospel laborers may not
cease,

May water like Apollos, plant like Paul,
Yet God alone can give the true increase,
And each must work as he is pleased to
call.

For though an humble sphere may still be
ours,

Yet all for holy help on him can trust ;
His love is infinite, as is his power ;
He knows our frame, remembers we are
dust.

And he who deigns to note the sparrow's fall,
Will surely not reject the least of these,
His little ones, who freely offer all
To him who can alone give lasting peace.

Our blessed Lord, leaving his followers here,
Said they should not be comfortless, alone,
But, to bring all to their remembrance clear,
Promised another Comforter should come,

Which is the Holy Ghost, whom in his name
The Father unto them in love would send';
And last, this gracious language did proclaim,
"Lo, I am with you always, to the end."

These precious words our Lord has fully
shown,

Which his beloved disciples did receive,
Were not for them his chosen ones alone,
But for all those who will on him believe.

1861.

WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO MY
NATIVE ISLE.

Here to this sea-girt isle again I come,
To visit friends and scenes of other days,
Once more to look upon my childhood's
home,
And much that in my memory hath a place.

And as I look at each familiar face,
And feel the grasp of many a friendly hand,
I can but see that time has left his trace,
His foot-prints may be seen on every hand.

When friends long absent, we may meet once
more,

These changes we more clearly can behold;
And feel afresh what we have known before,
That we with them alike are growing old.

Time leaves an impress on all things below,
Thus teaching us they may not be our
stay ;

That here a resting place we cannot know,
For all is plainly stamped, "passing away."

We cannot of ourselves this lesson learn—
Then let us seek for help that will impart
A sense of what we are, and what we need,
And give us strength to choose the "better
part."

The world affords us many a pleasant cup,
Yet bitter dregs at last are often found ;
Then may we seek best pleasures from above,
Where pure and everlasting joys abound.

He who for Christ's sake hath forsaken ought,
Hath the sure promise of receiving more,
A recompense during this present time,
And in the future, life forevermore.

1862.

TRUE REST.

(WRITTEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.)

How sweet this quiet day of rest,
When care and toil are laid aside,
That we renew our faith, and seek
With heavenly bread to be supplied !

Although 'tis not the holy day
The Jewish ritual did contain,
Faint emblem of that rest it seems
Which for God's people doth remain.

For every day may holy be
If heavenly grace our hearts incline,
Worship in spirit and in truth
Is not confined to place or time.

The ancient Sabbath was a type
Of that true rest the soul may find,
When its own will is all subdued,
And to the heavenly will resigned.

The shadow now has passed away
Since to the substance we may come ;
In Christ is now our Sabbath day,
If all his fullness we will own.

From our own works we then will cease,
Nor pleasure of our own will take,
Trusting in him, he works in us,
And all is done for Jesus' sake.

In weakness then, his strength perfects :
Not of ourselves, but of his grace,—
This is indeed a perfect rest,
The Sabbath of true love and peace !

O may we find this rest of faith,
Then shall we know—life's journey
done—

Faith turned to sight, and prayer to praise,
In glorious rest, before his throne.

1863.

LINES ON A CUSHION

MADE FOR A FAIR FOR THE FREEDMEN, HELD BY FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK, 1864.

The negro is a slave no more,
His days of bondage all are o'er,
 Yet 'tis his hour of need ;
From ignorance redeem his mind,
Let light and truth an entrance find,
 He's a free man indeed !

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES,

FOR IN THEM YE THINK YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE, AND
THEY ARE THEY WHICH TESTIFY TO ME, AND YE WILL
NOT COME TO ME, THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

JOHN V : 39, 40.

Thus to the unbelieving Jews,
Did Christ command, "Go search and see,
Those sacred pages which ye read
Are they which testify of me."

They thought indeed the Holy Book
To them eternal life could give,
Were yet too blind in heart to see
That Christ alone could bid them live.

They would not trust his holy words
When here on earth he boldly taught,
Nor yet those mighty works believe,
Which by his heavenly power were
wrought.

This precious treasury contains
Instruction meet for every heart ;
The seeking soul will ever find
Comfort and strength it will impart.

Yet, still 'tis true as then of old,
The glorious source from which it came,
Alone can give eternal life
Through faith in his most holy name.

And may it not be said of us
As of those unbelieving Jews,
That unto him we will not come,
To seek that life which they refused.

Through Christ the Way, the Truth, the
Life,
Then let us seek salvation free ;

The Scriptures search,—for “these,” he said,
“Are they which testify of me.”

1866.

LIVING WATER.

Fellow-traveler on life's journey

Art thou weary by the way?

Art thou thirsting, art thou longing

For refreshing day by day?

As thou traveled o'er the mountains,

Or upon the pleasant plain,

Hast thou drank from earthly fountains

Drank,—and thirsted still again?

Hast thou found that earthly pleasure

Will not satisfy the soul,

Which still craves a better treasure

Far beyond this world's control?

With this thirsting and soul longing

Still unsatisfied below,

Hast thou sought a higher fountain

Whence a purer stream doth flow?

Many voices will allure thee,
Still these worldly springs to try,
But when sorrows gather around thee,
These thy need will not supply.

There's a voice that speaks within thee,
'Tis the spirit of the Lord ;
This with written word of promise
Ever is in sweet accord.

Come ye, every one that thirsteth,
To the living water, come ;
Come, for freely it is given ;
Why, O why, then, will ye roam ?

Thus the spirit is inviting ;
He that hears, let him say, come ;
Come, and take life-giving water ;
He that thirsteth, let him come.

1869.

LINES COMPOSED ON A SICK BED.

When the body's worn and weary
With its suffering and pain,

When the way looks dark and dreary,
What can make all bright again ?

Not alone the deeds of kindness
Of the loved ones at our side,
Not alone the healer's science,
Howe'er skillfully applied.

Who can sooth the mourners' anguish,
Raise the fallen sin-sick soul,
Heal the suffering, cheer the lonely,
Make the broken-hearted whole ?

Not alone the voice of friendship,
Helping hand and loving heart ;
These have each a blessed mission,
And sweet comfort may impart.

Jesus is our strength and refuge,
And he is the sinner's friend ;
He can raise from sin and sorrow,
He can help us to the end.

He alone can bless the labors
Of these helpless by the way ;
If they love his work and service,
He will teach them day by day.

Then, when toil and care and suffering,
And this fleeting life, are o'er,
He will give each faithful servant
Rest and peace forevermore.

1869.

SPRING TIME AND HARVEST.

We now to winter bid adieu,
And hail the spring appearing,
With coming warmth and brighter days,
For comfort and for cheering.

The streams, released from icy chains,
Will soon be freely flowing,
And earth with latent charms renewed,
Her beauties rare be showing.

The birds from warm and sunny south,
Will soon their way be winging,
And here among our northern groves,
Their merry notes be singing.

And as the bud and leaf expand,
The blossom fair upspringing,
Gives promise of the coming fruit,
That Autumn will be bringing.

Thus Nature with a lavish hand,
Doth shower around her treasure,
And well repay us for our toil
In blessings without measure.

But he who would in gathering time
A harvest fair be reaping,
Must not forget to plant and sow,
And watchful care be keeping.

And he who is the Husbandman,
Our gracious Heavenly Father,
Assigns us each another field,
Where we rich fruit may gather.

He would that in our every heart
Sweet plants of grace should flourish ;
And he will give the blest increase,
If we but watch and nourish.

And here as in the outer field,
Though small be the beginning,
The promise is, who sows, shall reap,—
The prize is worth the winning.

Christ is the true and living vine,
And if disciples truly,
We are the branches, grown in him,
Depending on him wholly.

And as the branch no fruit can bear
Lest in the vine abiding,
No more can we except in him
Our trust alone confiding.

Such fruits as love, joy, goodness, peace,
Should in our hearts be growing,
Long suffering, meekness, gentleness,
And faith with temperance, showing,

If these be in us, and abound,
From source of love supernal,
Such fruit is unto holiness ;
The end is life eternal.

Then though the bud in spring be small,
With faithful summer training,
And blessing of the Husbandman,
Rich vintage we'll be gaining.

The promise still remaineth sure
To him that overcometh,
He of the tree of life shall eat,
In Paradise that bloometh.

A PRAYER.

Lord teach a little child to pray,
To come before thy throne
With words which thou hast taught to say,
An offering all thy own.

O make me feel that I am lost
Without thy saving grace,

And in thy blest abode above,
I ne'er could have a place.

O teach me, more and more, to yield
My erring will to thine,
And in sincerity to say
May thine be done, not mine.

O keep me in temptation's hour,
From every evil free ;
And, trusting in thy love and power,
So may I rest in thee.

Thou hast for my Redeemer's sake,
My many sins forgiven,
Who didst that blessed offering make
To bring our souls to heaven.

O keep me near thee all my days,
Teach me to love thee more,
That I to thee a song may raise
Of praise forevermore.

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

The evening time is coming on,
The sun sinks slowly in the west,
The labors of the day are done,
All nature now invites to rest.

Stillness; here deep and here profound!
Not e'en the faded leaves are stirred;
A solemn quiet reigns around;
Naught but the voice of God is heard.

And this is ever teaching us
If but the lessons we will heed;
The eye, the ear, the mind, the heart!
Something there is for every need.

The outer world is full of speech,
These sacred lessons to convey;
Infinite power, wisdom and love
The varied works of God display.

If we behold the mountains grand,
Ocean's expanse so broad and fair,
Or e'en the tiny mite, and flower,
The Great Creator's hand is there.

With awe we hear his mighty voice
In thunder's roar, or cataract's fall ;
Then praise him for this quiet hour,—
His love and power are seen in all.

Surpassing these, in union sweet
His teaching in the inner part,
Which, by the finger of his love,
Is written on our every heart.

Christ for our sins, an offering, died,
The atonement once for all is made !
In wondrous mercy, love supreme,
Salvation's free, the debt is paid !

If we will choose this living way,
Our wills with his in union blend,
He who doth my commands obey,
(Our Lord hath said,) he is my friend.

The shades of evening gather round,
As twilight slowly fades away ;
So, gently fades the christian's life
To bloom anew in endless day !

1872.

THE NEW YEAR.

Once more we hail a happy New Year's
morn,

While greetings passed from friend to friend
are heard ;

The day is bright with sun and frost and
snow,

And all the outer world in glistening dress,
As if arrayed for some grand jubilee.

And surely it is meet that every heart
Should raise a song of praise and gratitude
For all our gifts and blessings numberless
Given by a gracious Father, who delights
To bless his faithful children, and who
deigns

To proffer gifts to the rebellious, too.

But as a retrospective view we cast

Upon the days of the departed year,

A shade of sadness will steal o'er our
thoughts.

Amid the pleasures of the passing hour.

Another year of this short life has closed,

The precious time forever past and gone !
Not e'en one moment can we e'er recall,
Save as on memory's page it is revealed.
Yet every action, word, and even thought
Are scanned by him to whom all hearts are
known ;

'Tis then indeed a fearful thing to live,
Unless as in his sight we daily move.
But thanks and praises to our Saviour, God,
Comfort there is for every trembling soul
Who turns to him for help amid these scenes
Of passing good and ill, of hope and fear ;
Though he's a God of justice and of power,
Yet love and mercy are his attributes,
And he has promised help to all who call
When in our sins he bids us look and live !
Now as the past is ours no more to claim,
The future, all uncertain, lies before,
Shrouded in mystery, it is therefore ours
The present time to sieze and to improve,
And when our years shall all have passed
away,

And time to us shall be no more, may we
Through faith, a bright eternity in view,
Depart rejoicing.

1873.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA.*

ESTHER, the name of the fair Jewish
maid,

Who for rare beauty was the chosen one,
From a despised and captive people, raised
To share a haughty monarch's lordly
throne.

Though thus exalted, still her heart was
pure ;

She in God's hand, an instrument became,
Through faith in him, whose promises are
sure,

To save her people, and exalt his name.

TERESH, one who conspired against the
king,

Yet soon his wicked plans all came to
naught ;

*For Bible Enigma see page 199.

Through humble means did God deliverance
bring,

Thus by his power is good from evil
brought.

To mount H E R E S the tribes of Dan were
driven,

Though still the Amorites would there
remain ;

Power to prevail, to Joseph's house was
given,

So tributary the Amorites became.

In vision Peter saw a S H E E T descend,
With living things for food, clean, and
unclean ;

Thus he was taught that what the Lord had
cleansed,

Should not by him be called common or
mean.

R E S T for the weary, heavy-laden soul ;
This is the sweetest offer ever given ;

All who of Christ will learn, his yoke will
bear,
Find rest from sin, and glorious rest in
heaven.

“He calleth T H E E .” This was the Sa-
viour’s word,
Which to the poor, blind beggar comfort
gave ;
And which each trembling, seeking soul has
heard ;
Who comes in faith, the Lord will surely
save.

1874.

“ALL HIS SAINTS ARE IN THY
HAND.”

DEUT. XXXIII : 3.

When clouds obscure thy pathway here,
And guiding light doth not appear,
Look where the Lord doth waiting stand,
And say, “Oh Father, take my hand.”

If thus we seek, he will draw near,
And light upon our way appear ;
His promise then we understand,
That he will hold us with his hand.

If sinful pleasures we forego,
From him do richest blessings flow,
And joys this world cannot command
Are given us by his loving hand.

The sorrowing heart in him finds rest,
Knowing that his way is the best ;
And, bowing to his gracious will,
Finds his own hand upholding still.

Christ, when among his followers here,
With promises their hearts did cheer,
His precious prayer and parting word
Were for his own, who loved the Lord.

He prayed that they in him be one ;
And this was not for them alone,
But all who will on him believe,
May still those gracious words receive.

He promised, and we know it true,
That when in love we are made new,
And we obey his just command,
We are his friends—safe in his hand.

All those who in his love abide,
Still clinging closely to his side,
Will, when this fleeting life is o'er
Behold his glory evermore.

1875.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

Father, thou who knows my soul,
Take these anxious thoughts away ;
Thou alone canst make me whole,
Only thou canst be my stay.

Help me now to lean on thee,
Trust and love thee every hour ;
Oh, my guide and guardian be,
Father of all love and power !

Saviour, who for me hath died,
Who doth pardon all my sin,
I would still with thee abide
Till the heavenly crown I win.

I would never go astray
From thy love and tender care ;
Lead me in the perfect way,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my prayer.

Though this chastening wound me sore,
Hold me till 'tis overpast,
If with patience I endure,
Fruits of peace 'twill yield at last.

In thy goodness thou dost send
Joy or suffering for my lot,
For thy mercy hath no end,
Thy compassion faileth not.

Thou for us through suffering came,
Thou hast borne our griefs for us ;
Well thou knowest our feeble frame,
Thou rememberest we are dust.

Thanks to thee, I still would raise,
For thy grace which doth abound,
For the comforts of my days,
For the blessings which surround.

Kindred friends and loving hearts,
Striving every want to fill ;
Of thy spirit, thou imparts,
They do thy commands fulfill.

I would ever rest in thee,
Though my day be sad or bright ;
Let thy peace be shed on me,
Father of all love and light !

1877.

APART.

“ Come ye yourselves apart, into a desert place, and rest awhile.”—Mark vi : 31.

Come ye yourselves apart awhile and rest,
Once Christ to his own followers did say,
And still doth he who knoweth what is
best

For his loved ones, thus speak to some
to-day.

He calls them oft with him to come aside
To the seclusion of a quiet room,
That these with him more closely may abide,
That his sweet lessons to their hearts may
come.

To be alone with him,—this is to rest,—
To rest awhile from busy thoughts and
care,
To be reposing on his tender breast,
And learn what joy and peace and love
are there.

One taste of God's dear love in Jesus found,
How precious to the waiting, longing
soul!
Though earth's best gifts and pleasures may
abound,
This priceless love doth far surpass the
whole.

If we this Saviour know, from sin to save,
The Holy Spirit for our teacher take,

We then are rich—for all things best, we
have,
Which God with him will give, for his dear
sake.

And if, in wisdom he doth judge it meet,
The cup of suffering to our lips to press,
His tender mercy is e'en then complete,
His own right hand doth still uphold and
bless.

And should the furnace be exceeding hot,
Which some of these, thine own, are called
to bear,
Oh, thou who art thyself the son of God,
Wilt thou be found still walking with
them there.

We know thy promises are ever sure,
Thy trusting ones thou never wilt forsake,
Oh, grant that these may to the end endure,
Whate'er thy holy will may give or take.

ONLY FOR THEE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

Precious Saviour, may I live,
Only for thee,
All my heart's love may I give,
Only to thee.
To my Father I can come
Only by thee,
All my confidence and trust
Shall be in thee,
Only in thee.

All my sins thou hast borne,
Only for me,
And thy blood thou hast shed,
Only for me ;
All the glory, all the praise
Shall be for thee,
All my hope and faith always
Shall be in thee,
Only in thee.

Oh, dear Lord, accept the heart
That now I bring,
Thou only my great Saviour art,
Thou art my king ;
All my moments, all my days
Shall be for thee
Jesus keep me thus, always
Only for thee,
Only for thee.

Be my smiles and be my tears
Only for thee,
Be my life, and be my death
Only for thee,
Jesus, who so much loves me,
Who died for me,
My time, and my eternity
Shall be for thee,
Only for thee.

1880.

CLOUDS.

When clouds obscure the face of day,
The brightness of the sun to hide,
What sombre hues our earth puts on !
What shadowed scenes on every side,

The heavens then lose their azure blue,
And all bright colors fainter seem ;
The waters wear a leaden hue
Which sparkled in the sun's bright gleam.

The birds less lofty flights attempt,
To lower notes they tune their song
And many beauteous things we miss,
Which to the brighter days belong.

And yet the sun is still the same
Still shines above these clouds that lower,
When from our view they pass away,
We feel again his light and power.

Thus when a cloud upon the soul
Doth hide the Sun of Righteousness,
What shade and gloom are over all !
Nothing hath power to soothe or bless.

And still he is the God of love,
His light and glory shine for aye ;
With pitying eye he looks on us,
His power can chase all clouds away.

No cloud but sin can come between
Our God and us, to hide his face ;
And if through Christ we look to him,
He gladly gives us pardoning grace.

His ear is open to each cry
That from his humble children springs,
And for their help he will arise,
With richest healing in his wings.

The clouds of sin will then disperse
Before the glory of his light,
And other clouds this life doth bring,
With silver lining will be bright.

In heaven some truths will be made known,
Which now to us are wisely sealed ;
And suffering here will not compare
With glory there to be revealed.

TO THE COMET.

“ All thy works shall praise thee.”

Mysterious visitant, who comes each morn
To beautify our eastern sky, and feast
Our wondering sight with thy bright, flow-
ing train,

We ask, “ What art thou, what thy destiny?”
But no reply we find, and still we gaze,
And in thy majesty thou still doth shine.

Thou dost announce the coming of the day,
So near thy path to our great solar light !—
Some have foretold that thy career will close
Perchance before another century dawns ;
So great the sun’s attractive power on thee,
Shorter and shorter will thy orbit grow,
Nearer and nearer thou to him approach,
Until within his own resplendent form
Thou wilt become absorbed, and disappear.
While those more learned ones observe, and
seek
To find thy form, thy motions, and thy course,

It is enough for me to know thou art
A part of the great universal plan
Of him, who is a God of love and power ;
Who spake and made all things and called
 them good ;
These all fulfill his wise designs in them.—
And though so strange to us thou dost
 appear,
Thy form and motions not so shaped and
 ruled,
By laws exact which mind of man can grasp,
As other heavenly bodies which we view ;
Yet I believe thou hast thy place to fill,
According to his matchless wisdom planned,
Though known but to the Architect alone.—
So even thou shalt teach us the great truth
Which man alone among these works need
 learn,
That all shall bless and praise his holy name.

1882.

READ AT ULSTER COUNTY W. C.
T. U. CONVENTION, HELD AT
NEW PALTZ, 1883.

From hill-side and from valley home,
From country and from town we come,
 In one grand cause we move ;
One common bond our hearts unite,
That cause, to lead our brother right,
 That bond, a Saviour's love.

Here in this lovely vale we meet,
Where many an honest heart doth beat,
 Race of the Huguenot ;
The mountains round about it stand,
God's bounties shown on every hand,
 To bless this quiet spot.

If every son and daughter, too,
Would choose the good, the right, the true,
 By temperance set free,
Angels in heaven would rejoice,
Blessings and joys reward the choice,
 And bright the record be.

And if o'er Ulster's fair domain
We could but hear the glad refrain,
 "Teetotal we will stand ;"
How would the tide of suffering stay,
How would the shadows flee away,
 And peace spread o'er the land !

Yet still we hear the children's cry ;
How can we carelessly pass by ?
 We hear the wife's sad wail ;
We see, alas ! the strong man fall,
But ah, these woes !—to tell of all,
 Our words would surely fail.

We cannot do this work alone,
God's help must roll away the stone
 To set the imprisoned free.
He looketh down from Heaven above,
To bless and aid this work of love,
 Through him will victory be.

Dear sisters, thou, be strong and bold,
Though round our paths are woes untold,
 Though lights ahead look dim,

The Gospel will at last prevail,
God's promises shall never fail,
In faith look unto him.

INTERCESSION.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost
that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to
make intercession for them." Heb. VII : 25.

While searching in the treasury divine,
Where richest gems and precious pearls
abound,
This one, ne'er seen so beautiful before,
Illuminated in the light of truth I found.

Our Father holds the key, and opes for us
These sacred truths, if we his aid implore ;
The Holy Spirit with enlightening power
New beauties in them doth reveal, still
more and more.

The glorious Gospel plan, salvation free,
How oft have I admired, and known it
true !

That God in wondrous mercy, love supreme,
Should pardon all our sins—from death to
life renew,

Through Christ—for us a willing offering
made,
Who suffered, died, for all sin to atone;
Breaking the tomb, victorious over death,
He rose to share the glory of his Father's
throne.

The Holy Spirit then the Father sent
In Christ's name, to reprove, to lead and
guide;
And in the humble, true believer's heart,
He doth a constant guest and comforter
abide.

All this, and more than we can ask or think
He does for us, supplying every need;
But that we to the uttermost be saved,
Behold, in heaven, Christ ever lives to
intercede!

Oh, precious love of God, surpassing
thought !

While here below the Holy Spirit pleads,
And strives with all, that every soul be
saved

There, for the saints—Christ, everliving,
intercedes.

Take courage then, ye faithful trusting ones,
With faith and prayer look to our Father's
home ;

The Saviour prays, and he can surely save
All those who will by him unto the Father
come.

1883.

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

For them, the children of the Lord,
The wilderness shall smile,
The desert blossom as the rose,
Rejoicing all the while.

A glory as of Lebanon
Shall these dark spots put on ;
And e'en Mt. Carmel's excellence,
The beauty of Sharon.

For unto these, our blessed Lord,
His glory will make known ;
The excellency of our God
In darkest hours be shown.

Then let the weakest hands grow strong
The fearful heart be brave ;
Our God will come with recompense,
Lo, he will come to save !

Then the blind eyes shall be unsealed,
And opened each deaf ear ;
The lame shall leap, and tongue of dumb
Shall sing, that all can hear.

In the wilderness shall waters rise,
Streams shall the desert know ;
Through all the parched and thirsty land
Refreshing springs shall flow.

A glorious highway shall be there,
A way of holiness ;
Nothing unclean shall o'er it pass,
But those whom God doth bless.

No lion shall be found thereon,
Or aught that causeth fear ;
There the redeemed shall safely walk,
Their God is ever near.

The ransomed of the Lord shall there
With songs to Zion come ;
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
But joy and gladness evermore,
Within that glorious home.

1885.

OUR CONFIDENCE.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ;
perplexed, but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ;
cast down, but not destroyed. 2 Cor. IV : 8, 9.

Though troubles surround us oftentimes on our
way,
May we in God's strength so confidently
rest,

That, like the Apostle, we also can say,
Since he is our helper, we are not distressed.

Perplexed we may be through this journey
of life,
Our days cannot always be cloudless and
fair ;
If we trust in the Lord through the heat of
the strife,
He will clear us a pathway, and save from
despair.

The world may misjudge us, and foes may
come in,
If we take all with joy for the dear
Saviour's sake ;
And through faith in his blood we are
cleansed from our sin,
We have his sure promise, he will not forsake.

Cast down—in our weakness we sometimes
may be ;

Our God can give comfort and fill up the
void ;

Oh, then to his love and compassion we'll
flee,

His own trusting children will not be
destroyed.

1887.

TO JOHN T. DORLAND, JR.,

WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR ENGLAND, 1888.

The Master calls, and thou his voice obeys,
Leaving all doubtings, fears, and cares be-
hind,

Trusting that he will keep in all thy ways,
And that in him thou help and strength
will find.

Though somewhat sad must be the parting
hour,

To home and many friends bidding adieu,

E'en this was softened by the love and
power

Of Him who leads his servants gently
through.

The Gospel love with which thy heart o'er-
floweth

In distant lands by thee must be pro-
claimed ;

This is thy mission,—and full well thou
knowest,

Christ is the way ;—no other can be named.

The sweet reward of peace will be thy por-
tion

For every sacrifice for Jesus' sake,

And this will to thy waiting soul be given ;

Such as the world can neither give or
take.

Those who for Christ's sake have forsaken
aught,

Friends, pleasures, all the comforts of a
home,

Will in this life receive a hundred fold,
And life eternal in the world to come.

Full many a precious promise is recorded
For such as to their Lord do faithful
prove ;
These will through perils oft be kept and
guarded
By his out-stretched arm of tender love.

Some shadowy seasons, too, may be per-
mitted ;
For they must walk by faith and not by
sight ;
But for his humble, seeking, praying chil-
dren
Christ's love will be a never failing light.

From many a heart will prayer arise for thee,
That in thy wanderings over sea and land,
The mighty God, may thy protector be,
E'en he who holds the waters in his hand.

And may the Saviour still be near to bless,
To lead and guide where'er he bids thee
come ;
And when the work is o'er, bring thee in
peace
To greet once more thy loved ones and thy
home.

LINES

WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A PAINTING OF WILD FLOWERS.

Our Saviour when upon the earth, once
chose a simple flower,
And for his own loved followers a useful
lesson drew ;
And still they plainly speak to us of God's
great love and power ;
Emblems of what our hearts should be,
humble, and pure and true.

1887.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

Faith reaches forth the hand to take
The gift that saves us from despair,
The gift of life, for Jesus' sake,
For all who here the cross will bear,
She sees beyond these clouds of earth,
Beyond the mist of doubt and care,
A home above—a glorious home,
With God's own sunshine ever fair.

Sweet hope looks upward with delight,
She gathers flowers day by day ;
Trials grow lighter in her sight—
She smoothes for us the toilsome way.
She soars above the clouds and doubts,
And though the way be short or long,
She passes on with joyous step,
Cheering it oft with sacred song.

But love divine, of heavenly birth,
Is not for this short life alone,
While faith and hope are left to earth,
Enduring love leads to the throne.

Blessed be God for gifts so free,
For saving faith, for hope that cheers,
And love, the greatest of the three,
Which will abide for endless years.

1889.

“YE ARE MY FRIENDS IF YE DO
WHATSOEVER I COMMAND YOU.”

JOHN XV : 14.

The friends of Jesus ! how could we
Of all good gifts, a greater crave ?
And this is offered us to-day !
This precious promise our dear Saviour
gave.

How wonderful his love for us
That we this friendship true may gain !
His pure and holy will to do !
Without his aid we never could attain.

Yet with commands, he gives us strength ;
In mercy reaches forth his hand

To raise us from our low estate,
That we, redeemed, complete in him may
stand.

He loved us even when in sin,
And ever will unto the end ;
He gave his life that we might live,
A thus he was, and is the sinner's friend.

While for this wondrous love we praise,
Which doth so for the sinner care,
Let us draw near, and be his friends,
Then in the closer love we'll also share.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

In silent watches of the night,
When darkness hath succeeded light,
And all in vain sleep I invite,
I then the aid implore
Of him who's led me all the way
Crowning with mercies day by day,
Through all this lengthened earthly stay,
And still I ask for more.

His love and mercy have no end ;
He unto all doth freely lend ;
And he will be a faithful friend
 To those who seek his face.
Yet we this boon must humbly crave
Of him who died our souls to save ;
We then with him a portion have,
 And in his home, a place.

Thus these great truths I ponder o'er,
And there are many, many more.
His words and works—a boundless store,
 That do my heart amaze !
'Twas for our sake to earth he came ;
His love and power are now the same
To save those who believe his name,
 And walk in all his ways.

This Saviour is the Lord our God !
Oh may I ever trust his word,
And may his praises yet be heard
 Sounding from shore to shore ;

Until all nations, as the same,
May full and free salvation claim,
And the great love of him proclaim
Who lives forever more.

1890.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

How shall we, the little children,
Come before our Saviour's face ?
Will he hear our feeble voices
From his holy dwelling place ?

Yes, the pure and blessed Jesus
Once a little child became ;
Now he calls us all unto him
Bids us love and praise his name.

But if our young hearts are sinful,
Will he then receive us so ?
Yes, 'twas he who died to save us ;
He can wash them white as snow.

We will give our hearts to Jesus,
We will love him most and best,

He is waiting to receive us,
He will give us sweetest rest.

For he loves the little children
He said, "Suffer them to come :"
If while here, we love and serve him
We will share his glorious home.

Now to him be all the glory ;
Our glad voices we will raise
Since we've learned his wondrous story
We may help to sing his praise.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

With thankful hearts we come to thee,
Our Father, God above ;
We praise thee for salvation free,
And everlasting love.

To thee who reigns above the skies,
In glory all thy own,
May prayer from every heart arise
As incense, to thy throne.

Though thou so high and holy art,
Thy greatness none can tell,
Within the humble contrite heart,
Thou yet dost deign to dwell.

Though we are poor and weak and blind,
Through Christ thou bids us come ;
In him we strength and sight will find,
And gain a heavenly home.

Come Holy Spirit dwell with us,
And teach our hearts to sing
Praises to him who died for us,
Our Saviour, Priest and King.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Be glory, honor, power,
Unto the blessed Three in One
Now and forevermore.

THE SLEEPING GIANT.

In front of Port Arthur, Ca., 18 miles away, is the range of mountains called The Sleeping Giant, representing in outline the form of a man. It is 1,300 feet

high, and guards Thunder Bay, Port Arthur, and surroundings, from the stormy waters of Lake Superior. It takes its name from an old legend or myth.

Mighty Giant of the North,
Keeping guard at Thunder Bay,
While beyond thy sleeping form,
Oft the rolling waters play.

As with awe and almost fear
We, thy wondrous shape behold,
Proof of God's protecting care
By thy steadfastness is told,

Ages long have passed away,
Generations come and gone,
Still thou guardest night and day,
Resting on thy mountain throne.

All God's works shall bring him praise,
All perform his holy will ;
Man alone forsakes his ways,—
He, by nature, rebel still.

But this God of mighty power
Also is a God of grace ;

He, in mercy will restore,
If through Christ, we seek his face.

Then within his sheltering arms,
He doth keep us nights and days,
Safe from sin and earth's alarms ;
Then his holy name we praise.

By still waters he doth lead,
Guarding from the threatening wave ;
Stronger than the Giant Mount,
He, our Rock, from death doth save.

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

Lord, thou gives us showers of blessing
In thy love so strong and sure,
Joys and comforts, gifts unnumbered ;
Mercy ever doth endure.

While to thee our hearts are raising
Thanks for all this boundless store,
With our thanks we mingle praising,
And thy gracious name adore.

Highest praises we should render,
Rising ever to thy throne,
For the full and free salvation,
Which in Jesus Christ is known.

He from death and sin hath bought us,
He for us doth life secure,
By his death, he paid the ransom ;
And his mercy doth endure.

Thou in wisdom sends us chastening,
Thus thy law to us makes known,
But thou wilt not leave thy children,
Thou wilt ne'er forsake thy own.

When I said, " my feet are slipping,"
And no help could I secure,
By thy strength thou didst uphold me,
Mercy ever doth endure.

Thou, O Lord, art my defender,
Thou my Rock and Refuge sure,
Thou wilt comfort me and save me ;
For thy mercy doth endure.

HOME POEMS.

LINES WRITTEN DURING RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

As in my cozy room I stay
With easy chair and comforts all,
The mind oft wanders far away,
And on my absent friends doth call.

And surely it is comfort rare,
Which we are privileged to find,
When we cannot their presence share,
This sweet communion of the mind.

But now a cloud seems o'er us spread ;
For sickness visits many a home,
An e'en to call some loved ones hence,
The pale faced messenger has come.

And o'er our country, too, is spread
A deeper shade than e'er before ;
For who can tell the depths of woe
That follow in the train of war !

But, as of old, upon the cloud,
God's bow of promise shines above ;
We still may hope for mercy now,
He hides his face, but not his love.

And even piercing through the cloud,
The eye of faith may yet behold
That there is light for those who trust ;
Through trials he will these uphold.

No chastening present seemeth good,
But afterwards, 'tis often found,
If rightly exercised thereby,
The fruits of righteousness abound.

And as my mind in wandering, oft
To much-loved absent children turns,
With feelings such as parents know,
I fain would clasp them to my arms.

But then I hear a still small voice,
That whispers, " Leave them to his care,
Whose love doth far exceed thine own,"
He watches o'er us everywhere.

And as I turn me home again,
What cause for gratitude is here !
Though weakness still encompasseth,
No racking pain, no torturing fear.

But in this quiet pause from care,
(As health and strength return again,) ·
O may I feel there was a share
Of spirit-teaching, not in vain.

And still more fully realize,
These gentle warnings oft are given
To loose our hold on earthly ties,
To lead our souls from earth to heaven.
1862.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

Once again we've met together
As another year is closing,
And we hasten to the greeting
Of the New Year, fast approaching.
Once more can we sing of mercies,
As, in solemn retrospection

All the past year comes before us.
Blessings, favors, without number
Have been showered about our pathway,
By the hand of the Great Father.
—And if clouds have sometimes shaded
For awhile our fairest prospects,
Have we not through faith discovered
That they but obscured the brightness
Which behind them still was shining,
With a bright and steady glory ?
And the shade did but renew us
To reflect with greater clearness,
When the cloud was all passed over ?
As the earth refreshed by showers,
Brightens in returning sunshine.
—Now unto the absent loved ones,
Often are our thoughts reverting ;
And though now they cannot mingle
In this happy New Year's greeting,
May our prayers be still uprising
For ourselves and every loved one,
That our hearts may all be faithful
To receive the heavenly teaching,

Whether of the cloud or sunshine.
—And while thus we crave a blessing
For all those we hold the dearest,
May we, through the gentle influence
Of the love that knows no limits,
Feel our hearts and souls expanding
To the suffering and the sinful,
And the least of God's creation.
—When these earthly scenes are fading,
Earthly joys have lost their pleasing,
May we all through grace o'er coming
Feel a holy blest assurance
That, in an unbroken circle,
We may meet in heavenly mansions
Where the loved have gone before us.

12, 31, 1863.

TO MY HUSBAND ON HIS 52^D BIRTH-
DAY.

From this standpoint far adown life's journey

Let us glance back at the by-gone years ;

Is it not a variegated picture ?

Storms and sunshine mingling, smiles and
tears.

And such is life,—alternate joy and sorrow,
Along the upper current of its stream ;
But the true Christian finds a deeper channel
Where on still waters, heavenly light doth
gleam.

For help Divine will ever be extended
Unto the faithful, watchful, waiting soul,
Making the crooked straight, the rough path
smoothing,
Applying to each wound the healing oil.

We'll backward look again, upon our journey,
What mercies have been showered around
our way
Calling for songs of praises, and thanks-
giving,
To him who watches o'er us day by day !

These truly are renewed every morning
To us unworthy objects of his love ;
Then may we more and more, be found re-
turning
Fruit to his praise, and treasure gain
above.

And in dark seasons when the clouds were
o'er us,
And when the storms of life our bark
assailed,
Have we not found him faithful who has
promised,
While we were weak, his strength has
never failed.

Then here we will set up our Ebenezer
That hitherto the Lord hath been our
stay ;
For all the past, O let us join to praise him,
And trust him still to guide our future
way.

1867.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A HOME GATHERING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Days and weeks, and months have vanished,
Joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
And again we've met together,
Thus to hail a glad New Year.

Thanks and praises we would render
For rich blessings, old and new,
From the hand that's gently led us,
Thus far, our life's journey through.

If sometimes a cloud o'er shadowed,
And our joy was turned to pain,
Still we've seen God's bow of mercy
Shine o'er grief's dark hour again.

While we greet these happy faces,
Some we loved are seen no more;
As we view their vacant places,
Faith low whispers, "Grieve no more.

“For beyond earth’s care and sorrow,
In a home all bright and fair,
They rejoice with joy unceasing ;
For the Lord, the Lamb is there !”

—As in retrospect we view them,
All these by-gone days and hours,
How does memory paint the picture ?
Have we gathered fairest flowers ?

Have we for the right stood fearless,
And as boldly shunned the wrong ?
Have we lent the hand of helping,
To guide the weaker ones along ?

Or offered but the cup of water ?
Given in faith, it blessed shall be ;
“Inasmuch,” (so said our Saviour,)
“As done to mine, ’tis done to me.”

Yet if still our sins oppress us,
And to rise, no power we have,
Christ is able to deliver,
Waiting, ready, now to save !

Onward, then, through cloud and sunshine,
Higher be our aim, and higher,
Keep the glorious prize before us,
Let fond hope our hearts inspire.

If in faith we love and serve him,
God himself will be our friend,
He is faithful who hath promised,
He'll be with us to the end.

1872.

CHRISTMAS—1878.

One more happy Christmas greeting!
One more gathering at the home!
Father, mother once more meeting!
Children and grand-children come.

Though without the winter reigneth,
And the cold and snow abound,
All within, is bright and cheerful,
Love, and warmth and welcome found.

Kindly hearts have long been planning,
Busy hands have work at will,
Each to others to give pleasure,
Thus all hearts and hands to fill.

In our joy we do remember
Absent loved ones of our band ;
May their hearts just now be gladdened,
With their friends in far off land.*

How the children's faces brighten
With a glad and sweet surprise;
As the tree with presents loaded
Stands before their wondering eyes!

Soon the fruit is duly gathered,
Each and all some portion have,
With the less and greater blessing,
As they both receive, and give.

Around the social board we gather,
Partaking of substantial food ;
Rememb'ring first the Gracious Giver,
From whom cometh every good.

* A Daughter's Family, then in Canada.

Thus our heartfelt thanks we render,
For all good and pleasant things ;
And of all gifts, best and greatest,
For Christ our Saviour, King of kings !

He is still our Holly Pattern,
All his words are sure and true ;
If we know of his salvation
For his sake some work we do.

Now to him be all the glory
In our actions, great or small,
As we truly love and serve him,
Thus we crown him Lord of all !

LINES

READ AT A FAMILY GATHERING AT T. H. B'S. ON CHRIST-
MAS DAY, 1879.

Another year has gone, once more we meet,
A dear home-band in glad reunion found,
The friendly hands we clasp, loved faces
greet,
And social pleasures, home-felt joys
abound.

Our Father blesses with unsparing hand,
Oftener than morning are his gifts renewed ;
With humble hearts before him we would stand,
And offer hymns of praise and gratitude.

Most precious of all gifts, to us he gave,
His son, Christ Jesus, in unbounded love,
An offering for all,—a world to save,
That we might serve him here, then live above.

He's now in glory at the Father's side,
Who doth to us the Holy Spirit send ;
If we receive him, he will be our guide,
Our comforter and everlasting friend.

God's heavenly gifts are free,—ask and receive,
The earthly he doth give us as we need ;
If we his promise take, his word believe,
In all best treasures we are rich indeed.

And while these gifts and pleasures, now we
share,

With which he deigns our hands and
hearts to fill,

We will remember that we most enjoy,
When most Christ-like, we do his holy will.

Then through this day, and every future one,
May joy and gladness with us all abound,
Because Christ Jesus came the world to save!
Because his love within our hearts is found.

HIGHLAND MARY.

To a Daughter, suggested by hearing her father play-
fully call her our Highland Mary.

Ye vales and hills of beauty rare
The Highland homes surrounding,
Green be your vines, your blossoms fair,
And rich fruits there abounding.
May Summer skies be bright above,
There peace and joy long tarry,
For there dwells one I fondly love,
My own dear Highland Mary.

In works of duty and of love
Her days are ever flowing,
And those who near her pathway move,
An influence sweet are knowing.
Yet not alone these virtues rare
She in her home doth carry,
But seeds are scattered here and there,
By her, my Highland Mary.

Of her good deeds I more could say,
The greater and the lesser ;
Her husband too can speak her praise,
Her children rise and bless her.
But words of praise I well may spare,
Lest from the truth I vary,
Through the great love my heart doth bear
For her, my Highland Mary.

She hath, like all through earthly stay,
Her share of care and sorrow,
But finding strength for every day,
She trusts for each to-morrow.

And when the cross she shall lay down,
And time no longer tarry,
I do believe, in heaven a crown
Awaits my Highland Mary.

1880.

TO ALICE.

To be read on her Birthday, in reply to her lines addressed to me, to be read on the same day.

Thy lines to me I have not read,
But I will write to thee instead,
And when I take a peep at thine,
I'll think that thou art reading mine.

When that eventful day hath come,
That thy eleventh year hath flown,—
O, may'st thou then sweet pleasure find,
May joy and peace attend thy mind.

Our years are passing quickly by,
For time, 'tis said, doth seem to fly ;
Yet though so swiftly pass our days,
There's one who sees and knows our ways.

The one who never tires or sleeps,
But ever o'er us, watch he keeps ;
'Tis Jesus Christ who came to save ;
All may in him, a Saviour have.

If we will choose him for our friend,
He'll love and bless us to the end ;
Will keep us till this life is past,
Then take us home to heaven at last.

1889.

THE WILLOW WHEEL CHAIR.

Of all the inventions, convenient and useful
Which in these latter days, we are called
on to share,
None seems to my mind so entirely successful
As that much-needed comfort, the Willow
Wheel Chair.

We may search through our houses for chairs
of all fashions,
Spring, cane, or upholstered, so beautiful
and rare,

Yet find none more combining use, comfort
and beauty,

Than this one that I speak of, the Willow
Wheel Chair.

'Tis so light and so graceful, so easy of motion,
For moving about as the wish may de-
clare ;

It not only gives rest, but provides loco-
tion ;

This queen of the household, the Willow
Wheel Chair.

When e'er o'er this mansion we hear its
wheels rolling,

Not idle, or helpless, the one it doth bear ;

There are hands and a heart often doing or
planning

Some good useful work in the Willow
Wheel Chair.

My heart is now stirred with a grateful emo-
tion,

As the use of this chair, with its want, I
compare,

I know there are many whose lives have
 been brightened,
And lightened their hearts by the Willow
 Wheel Chair.

Peace be to the one who invented this treasure,
 May the richest of blessings be ever his
 share;
He never can know all the comfort and
 pleasure,
That some have derived from the Willow
 Wheel Chair.

1890.

TO ELIZABETH ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How quickly from us glides each passing
 year!
For time in its swift course knows no delay,
No joy or sorrow, either hope or fear,
 Can ever one brief moment cause to stay.

And yet these oft recurring dates of birth,
This rapid passing of our lives below,
Should loose our hold upon the things of
earth,
And hope of life beyond should stronger
grow.

Far fairer, brighter joys will there be known,
Than aught this fleeting life can e'er bestow;
When ransomed souls are gathered round
the throne,
The Saviour in his glory they shall know.

While for a season here we waiting stand,
May it be ours to know the Master's voice,
List to his teaching, follow his command,
Then in his love we ever shall rejoice.

Such joy be thine through all thy future years,
Until the Saviour bids thee higher come;
Cleansed through his blood from all earth's
sin, and fears,
Thou then shalt hear the blessed "Wel-
come home."

1890.

CHRISTMAS—1890.

One more joyous Christmas gathering!
Happy hearts each other greeting,
Loved ones once more gladly meeting
 Under the home roof tree!

We will raise our hearts together,
In glad offerings of Thanksgiving—
For the gifts we are receiving,
 Plenteous and free.

Gifts from friend, sister and brother,
Gifts of love and earthly treasure,
Blessings, mercies, without measure;
 All from God above.

But all others, far exceeding,
Is the Christ, our Saviour Jesus,
He who died from death to save us,
 Through eternal love.

Heartfelt thanks to God we render;
Highest praise and adoration,
For the full and free salvation,
 In our blessed Lord.

But if we will have this blessing
In true faith we must believe it,
And into our hearts receive it ;
The glory be to God !

MY DREAM.

Of a little daughter, who left us near thirty years
ago, aged ten and a half years. She died in perfect
faith and trust in her Saviour, happy in the thought of
going to him.

I dreamed my child was with us yet,
I felt for her a mother's care,
I said, her clothes are very old,
Some new for her we must prepare.

I thought we oft had tried in vain,
As time passed on, to fill this need,
For reasons we could not explain,
Our efforts never would succeed.

Great was our wonder and surprise
That she no real want had known

Through lack of care, (as seemed to me)
And the neglect that we had shown.

How could her clothing last so long?
I queried, but no answer came ;
And still she seemed our happy child,
As once of old, and now the same.

I woke, and precious was the thought
That came to chase my dream away ;
My child is where she knows no want,
She tastes the joys of heaven's bright day.

In robe of righteousness arrayed,
With harp attuned to music sweet,
She joins the anthems of the saved,
Who tread for aye the golden street.

They serve the Lamb before the throne,
Where there is known no shade of night ;
His name upon their foreheads shown,
The Lord their everlasting light !

TO R. AND L.

WEDDED FIFTEEN YEARS.

How swiftly pass our years away !
Now ten and five since that May day,
 When you the promise made,
That until life's last setting sun,
You two would walk in love, as one ;
 Your marriage vows were said !

Both bright and dark the days have been,
For joy and sorrow you have seen
 Through all these passing years,
But joy did ever far exceed,
Since mercy hath supplied your need,
 And hath dispelled your fears.

Two buds of promise grace your bower,
May they unfold to fairest flower,
 To cheer and bless your days ;
Oh, lead them by the cords of love,
Teach them to place their hopes above,
 And walk in wisdom's ways.

May blessings crown your later days,
And may your hearts be filled with praise,
 Till all these years have flown ;
Then may you rise, Heaven's joys to know,
Where crystal waters ever flow
 Before the Father's throne.

1891.

BALLADS.

THE SISTERS' HOME.

There are many homes in the wide, wide
world,

Homes of the rich and the poor,
Homes where love and joy abound,
And homes where they come no more.

There are homes of poverty, want and woe,
Homes where the suffering dwell ;
There are homes of wealth and glittering
show,

But of these I may not tell.

My story will be of an humble home,
In a city neat and fair,
In a quaint old house, on a wide old street,
And many sisters were there.

But all were not joined by family ties,
As at first, one might suppose,
But some by blood, and all by love,
And some by the work they chose.

Of sisters there were indeed four pairs
Who from different parts had come,
And each and all did so pleasantly dwell,
That I call it the Sisters' Home.

Of brethren but two might there be found
Except when a visitor came;
One was the man of the silver hair,
And "the Pater," I call his name.

The other his son, a tall young man,
Whose business was "up town,"
So, except it were at the time of meals,
He seldom at home was found.

For times were hard, and business slow,
Yet with diligence, steady and true,
He worked along with a hope ahead
Some better days still to view.

Among this flock of sisters fair
Were two of medical skill,
(Once with the sex a thing so rare,)
Who worked with a heart and a will.

They were proving thus that the healing art
Is not for man alone ;

That woman, too, may do her part,
And much that is truly her own.

A Druggist here was also found,
And she of professional skill ;
And one with a painter's talent rare,
Who, an artists's place might fill.

Yet the latter sojourned but for a time,
While the summer heat remained,
And then returned to a southern clime,
Where her presence a husband claimed.

And with her a little one also came,
Not more than six years old,
A bright little boy with laughing eyes,
And speeches so cunning and bold !

She left behind a sister dear,
A staid, but sprightly dame,
Whose cheerful look and kindly word
We're ever and aye the same.

A sweet little girl she also left
To cheer her aunts' lone hours,
And she seemed amid those of riper years,
As an opening bud among flowers.

Yet childhood and age are not far apart,
And we need some sunny rays
From the children, all along life's path,
To link us with by-gone days.

I have not mentioned the sisters all
Who dwelt in this quiet home ;
There were two real sisters, loved by all
In the sunny south-side room.

And one of these had a matronly care
Of the household far and wide,
It seemed that none could her services spare,
Whatever might them betide.

The other was one who could not walk,
But moved with a rolling chair,
Yet patiently, pleasantly, passed her life,
And many her help did share.

Two younger sisters were also there,
They were strong and brave and true,
So with cheerful hearts and willing hands
Their part, went daily through.

Thus with stitch and work, and purpose
and thought,
And over and over again,
As each one moved in the proper sphere,
The problem of life went on.

There were yet two more, and sisters they,
But they went, for a purer air,
In the country near, with friends most dear
Awhile their life to share.

There was one more yet, an elderly one,
And she was the Pater's wife,
An invalid now for many a day,
She led but a quiet life.

And hers was an upper chamber large,
Like the Pilgrim's facing east,

Where so many pleasant hours were spent,
She also might call it "Peace."*

I have mentioned the son, the only one,
Besides they had daughters three ;
But each of these had herself a home,
Where her cares and joys must be.

Before their door might often be seen,
A buggy and horse standing there—
Old Hayes was quiet and gentle enough
For the man of the silver hair.

The elderly sister frequently rode,
Most always on mornings fair,
So patient and kind the Pater was !
So much she enjoyed the air !

Sometimes the lame one was carried out,
And she, too, enjoyed a ride,
Again some others a turn would take,
For old Hayes traveled far and wide.

*The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber,
facing the sun rising. The name of the chamber was
Peace.—*Pilgrims' Progress*.

But once to this home there came a day
As will come to all here below,
A day of parting,—'twas hard to bear,
But one of their number must go.

'Twas one of the doctors they must spare,
And she would be missed by all,
For a different field of labor and care,
She believed 'twas the Master's call.

For hers was a mission not only to cure,
The body of pain and ill,
But her heart went out, and her words went
forth,

The needs of the soul to fill.

And so she was fitted for this new work
To the outcast and misled,
Their bodies to heal, and their souls to save,
To reclaim them from the dead.*

Her future work may the dear Lord bless,
And also that which she leaves,
Of the seed she now, in trust doth sow,
May she reap the golden sheaves.

*Physician to a Reformatory Prison for Women.

And may His blessing rich and sure
Rest there on every one ;
May they faithful unto the end endure,
Then hear the word " Well Done."

When all the sorrow and pain will be o'er,
And all the care and the strife,
And they reach at last that blessed Home,
Beside the river of life.

1877.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

We started out one summer day,
Friends tried and true were at my side,
Upon an old familiar way
We took a long and pleasant ride.

Here in my youth I often rode,
I loved the mountain, rock, and stream,
And here they all are, as of old ;
'Tis real now, and not a dream !

Here is the City of the Dead,
Where many of our own have come ;
We stop and view where they are laid,
But this is not the spirit's home.

With softened hearts we pass away, •
They dwell with Christ, in bliss above ;
While here below we longer stay,
For those we have, we'll live and love.

Then on and on we farther ride,
The scenes still more familiar grown,
The maple trees by the road side !
We're nearing now the old, old home.

A welcome warm awaits us here,
A sister dear within doth dwell,
And thus the place seems doubly dear
My childhood's home, I loved so well !

The dog gives greeting at the gate ;
Another Rover, I am told ;
The one I knew has met his fate ;
The name survives, like kings of old.

And Fred the farmer, still is here,
Faithful as ever to his charge,
His aged mother does her part,
Her flock of turkies yet is large.

We miss some grand old locust trees,
And some as sentinels, still stand,
There are the same old apple trees,
And here's the well-house close at hand !

I sink one bucket, as of old,
The other rises from below,
Filled with the draught, refreshing, cold,
The purest mortals ever know.

One present quotes the well known lines
Of the rude bucket in the well ;
Which in my heart meets a response,
That this plain verse can never tell.

Upon the lowland meadow near,
The cows in quiet leisure feed ;
Old Judge, the mule is still held dear,
So long a faithful one indeed !

We hear the sound of falling flail ;
Within the barn the grain is threshed ;—
After the quiet noonday meal,
And we are rested and refreshed,

We saunter forth, children and all,
First to the barn we take our way,
And there the children great and small
Do roll and tumble in the hay.

My four years' little girl is here,
And this an added joy doth give,
To show her all to me so dear,
And where, a child, I used to live.

My mother, too, is sharing all,
She who my earliest steps did guide ;
A mutual pleasure now, not small,
Thus here to ramble side by side.

But there's a shadow even here,
As o'er earth's fairest joys will come ;
I miss so much our father dear !
By want of health detained at home.

We call at Jimmie's 'cross the way,
Since my first days a neighbor there,
And as we reach the cottage door,
We're greeted by the aged pair.

Comfort and thrift seem to surround,
The flowers and vines are blooming fair,
With smiling vineyards all around,
And garden showing work and care.

We wander on where once 'twas swamp,
But now, grass-cushioned, soft and dry,
We gather cat tails on our tramp,
And look o'er father's lands near by.

Again we gather in the home ;
We look each room and corner o'er ;
And quiet sitting on the stoop
Revives the memories of yore.

Then come farewells,—we go our way ;
Partings soon follow meetings here ;
I call this a “ red letter day,”
When past and present both seem dear.

THE PRIZE ROOSTER.

Our hero was a noble one,
Of the honored tribe of Black Lang Shan,
Of stature large and handsome form ;
He was the leader of his clan.

His clothing, too, was grand and fair ;
Of smoothest black that e'er was seen ;
And yet the eye discovered there
Some fine rich blending of the green.

His house was shelter for the night,
The yard by day was ample ground,
And often in his daily fare
Some richest morsel there he found.

At morning dawn his voice was heard
To herald the approach of day,
And oft did he in clarion notes,
His vocal powers thus display.

He little dreamed that he should e'er
Be called to leave this fair abode,
Where thus he passed the happy hours,
And o'er the precincts proudly strode.

But one sad day a neighbor came,
And with his owner thus did plead,
That Lang Shan should a journey take,
And quickly they on terms agreed.

His real troubles now began ;
In a small room closely confined,
And whirled along at railroad speed,
He knew not what he next should find.

At length, when shaken o'er and o'er,
He's at his journey's end,—when lo !
He finds himself with many more,
At the State Fair in Buffalo !

And now he must his feathers prim,
And see if he could stand the test ;
For there, no matter how he feels,
Each one must try to show his best.

While there he tarried many days,
We think he often yearned for home,
Could he but tread his yard again,
He'd strut, and crow, “ no more to roam.”

And when they've looked, and talked and
judged,

Behold our hero is ahead !

The prize is his, for 'tis declared,
Of all his kind he takes the lead.

Brave Lang Shan ! what is his award,

For all this shaking and display ?

Could he but speak, he'd plainly say
" I've had enough,—it does not pay."

Then comes another railroad ride ;

He thinks he surely home will go ;

But now the County Fair awaits,

And once more he must make a show.

And here again the prize he wins,

Again our Lang Shan " leads the van,"

He's done his best,—and thus he stands

A brave example for the man.

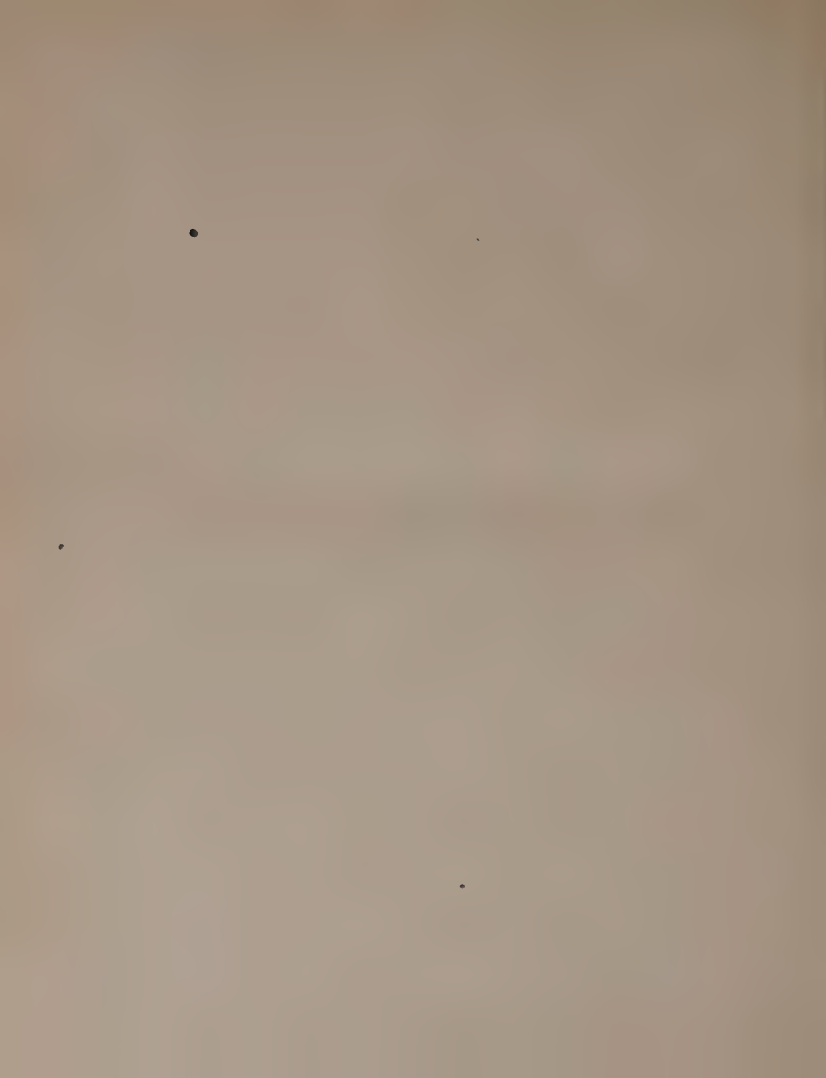
When to his yard at last, he's come,

We fancy he might well exclaim

" O give me the delights of home,

For what is honor but a name ?"

SONNETS.



WINTER.

Winter, thou now holds undisputed sway,
With thy strong icy chains the streams are
 bound ;
Earth's summer greenness now no more is
 found,
But snow and cold and storms do mark thy
 way.
Yet thou hast thine own charms and beauties,
 too,
The earth in snowy robe seeming to sleep.
The germ doth safely in her bosom keep,
While waiting to be clothed with life anew.
Unto our hearts some lesson thou may'st
 bring,
As now, the lengthened days and brighter
 sun
Proclaim to us, thy course will soon be run,
And tell us of the coming of the spring,
So may life's closing winter days grow bright,
As we draw nearer to the perfect light.

1886.

SLEEP.

Come now with thy soft wing, and gently
sweep

Across my cheek, and close my weary eyes ;
And while in sweet repose my body lies,
My mind in quiet rest thou too will keep.

When night comes o'er the earth with sable
reign,

This human nature doth a respite ask ;
Then, newly strengthened for the daily task,
Our life machinery goes on again.

O wondrous mystery !—this gift of sleep,
Which God doth grant to us while we are
here ;

Drowning our senses in oblivion deep,
To be restored again more bright and clear.
With thanks to him this blessed gift I take ;
He watches o'er us if we sleep or wake.

TO JANE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

As time rolls swiftly on, each fleeting year
Is passed,—and now thy birthday comes
again,

How much we've known of pleasure and of
pain,

Since thou first entered on thy being here!
Some friends have left us whom our hearts
held dear;

They have in mercy but gone on before;

They wait our coming on the other shore,

Where grief is o'er, and skies are ever clear.

May all thy future, now unknown to thee,

Bring unto thee whate'er is deemed the best,

By him whose love and care will never cease.

Though bright or sad thy day, my prayer
will be,

That on thy Saviour's arm thou still may'st
rest,

Till,—birthdays o'er,—the end shall be sweet
peace.

TO LILA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Birth-days like mile-stones on life's road we
know

How oft we seem to find them on our way !
Thus warning us that time for naught will stay,
But ever onward, onward is its flow.

May we so live, that retrospect will show
That our past days have not been spent in
vain,

And by God's grace such steadfast faith
attain,

That for our future, hope may brightly glow.
My wish for thee that each of these birthdays
Shall find thee farther on the heavenward
path,

Trusting the Lord, though joy or sorrow
come ;

Thy life all filled with peace, thy heart with
praise ;

And when at last he calls thee from the
earth,

He will receive thee to his heavenly home.

TO ADNA ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Thy youthful days have now all passed
away,
The noon-time of thy life is drawing near,
The Lord who called thee claims thy service
here,
And he will lead and guide thee all the way. •
Birth-days are land-marks in our life's brief
day,
Inviting us to review of the past,
Reminding us that time is speeding fast,
That we should ne'er forget to watch and
pray.
And though some darksome hours we oft
have known,
And brightest hopes have sometimes been
laid low,
Yet Christ in tender mercy keeps his own ;
In time of need his greater love doth show.
O, then to him thy every talent yield,
And he will ever be thy sun and shield.

1886.

TO PHEBE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Though years so swiftly from us go,
As we watch their onward flight,
May it be our joy to know
They are leading to the light.
Life's not judged by length of days,
Not by birthdays that are passed ;
Richest joys are our's at last,
If we walk in wisdom's ways.
Onward then as seasons roll,
As the moments quickly flee,
Let our watchword ever be,
"Of these days, is made the whole ;"
And at last this word be known,
"Servant of the Lord, well done."

1889.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

PUBLISHED IN OLIVE LEAF, 1874.

From all the names in Scripture
Of just six letters framed,
Find hers, who, for her beauty,
Was far and justly famed.

'Tis true her lot was lowly,
Yet though her birth was mean,
She from a captive maiden,
Became a mighty queen.

Transpose the same six letters,
And now his name we find,
Whose meditated treason
Was timely brought to mind.

And Providence so ordered,
That a great king was taught
To magnify the humble,
And bring the proud to naught.

Five of the six exhibit

A mount on Dan bestowed,
Where still, though but to tribute,
The Amorite resides.

Five changes show what, in vision,
From heaven to Peter came—
Filled with all living creatures,
That he might eat the same.

Four make the sweetest offer
The weary soul can hear ;
Come and receive it freely,
The yoke and burden bear.

And four denote the person
Who with good comfort heard
When to the poor, blind beggar
They told the Saviour's word.

And the same voice of comfort
To every conscience speaks,
When Jesus by his Gospel
Each poor, blind sinner seeks.

M. S. W.







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